T.'s arm onto the shoulders of the smiling Ventura, the grace and the delicate attention in the gesture could not pass unnoticed, either by Copeau or by me.

ChristmasDay

This morning I lug out to Auteuil in a cab a table and two chairs, the first furniture in my new house.

Yesterday Mardrus came to look me up in Auteuil.

Jovially superior, lively as ever, getting on everyone's nerves but tnine.

"Georges Louis," he told ine, 'is a charming fellow; he likes me a lot."

"He is right"

"Yes . . , but he is a very superior person. He esteems me very much indeed! . . . Oh, I don't mean as a poet, but as a man; as a mind, as a political thinker. . . . I am going to start out with the very highest official status! . . . The highest official status, Gide!" he repeats, raising his voice; then somewhat lower:

They are waiting for the end of the conference, then they let me loose on Morocco!" He bursts out laughing, draws back, repeats: 'They let me loose on Morocco!" — and goes away. (Yes, those are his very words, but the intonation is lost.)

Natanson reports to me these sentences of Maillol: "A model! A model; what the hell would I do with a model? When I need to verify something, I go and find my wife in the kitchen; I lift up her chemise; and I have the marble." All this said with a strong southern accent.

"No, not at all/' says Copeau; "you have no need to be afraid. I am satisfied with my happiness and I don't want to change anything about it; the most serious adventures can never draw me away from it more than two or three days. . . * But I am incapable of not

holding out a hand to events. Oh, it won't do any good asking that of me/'

"Cleave to the dogma; loosen up rather on morality* This is the remark of an influential Jesuit, brought to me by Arthur Fontaine.

Unfortunately Miomandre is here; not at all unattractive —on the contrary—but a bit young, a bit animated; Fontaine stays after him to talk to me about Jammes and Claudel; Claudel is getting married too! As for Jammes, he sends me word that Wyzewa is looking for a wife for him; and since Wyzewa is rather slow about it, he asks me to go and stir him up. . . .